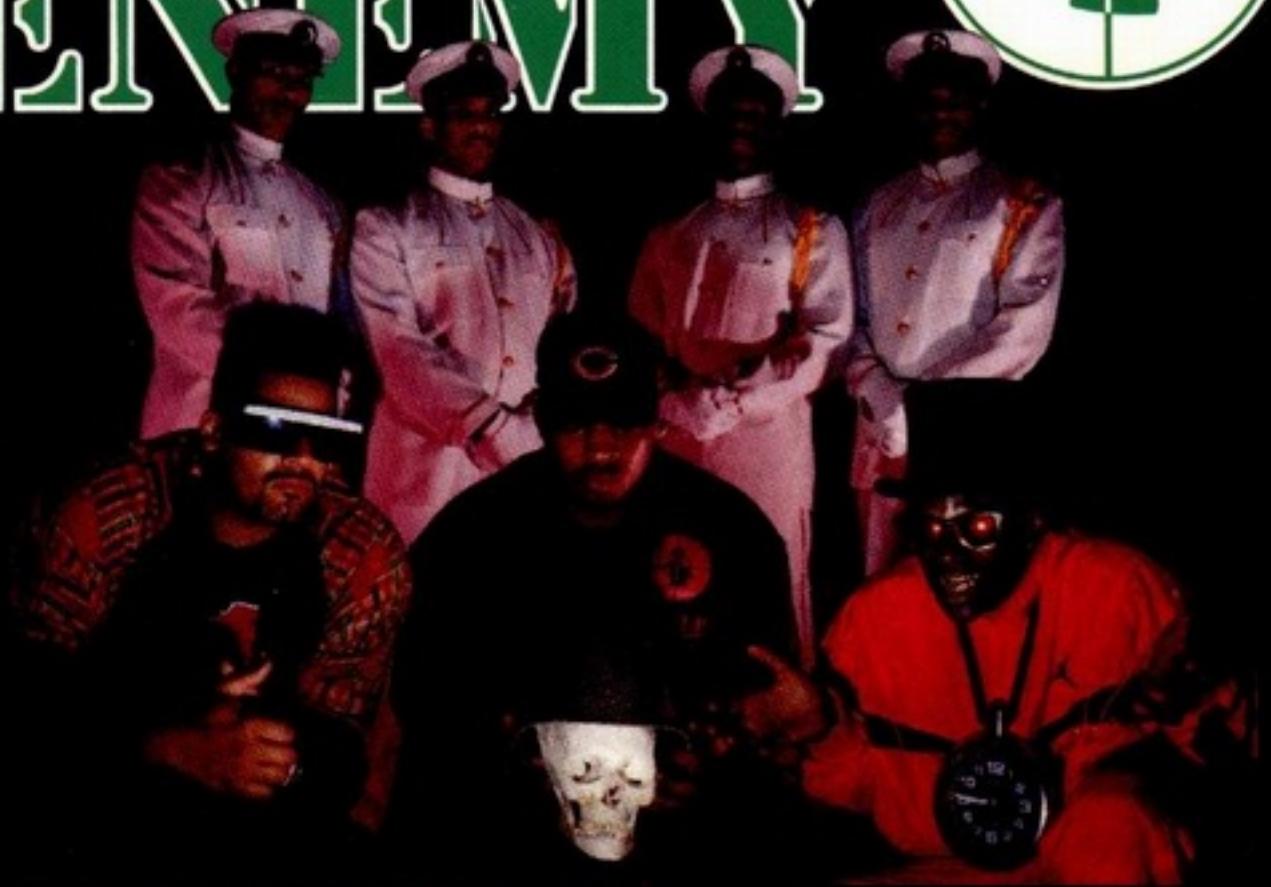


PUBLIC ENEMY



APOCALYPSE 91...THE DAY STRIKES BLACK

"IN JUSTICE IS DEFEATED" ... "JUSTICE EVOLVES ONLY AFTER INJUSTICE IS DEFEATED" ... "JUSTICE EVER"

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebirth"

When I get down
I give what go around
And when I cough
I do my best to cut it off
I don't claim to be a preacher
Not paid to be a teacher
But I'm grown
I try to be a leader to the bone
Never could follow a man
Wit' a bottle
He's a baby wit' a beard
Not a feared role model
And they ask me where I got it
I get it from my pops
Wit' a man in the house
All the bullshit stops
Then I sing a song
About what the hell is goin' wrong
You never know
If you only trust the TV and the radio
These days
You can't see who's in cahoots
'Cause now the KKK
Wears three-piece suits
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
In fact you know it's like that y'all

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Truss It"

Bass in your face
Not an eight track
Gettin' it good to the wood
So the people
Give you some a dat
Reactin' to the fax
That I kick and it stick
And it stay around
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots
Ain't givin' it up
So turn me loose
But then again I got a story
That's harder than the hardcore
Cost of the holocaust
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on
I know
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum
From the base motherland
The place of the drum
Invaded by the wack diddie wack
Fooled the black, left us faded
King and chief probably had a big beef
Because of dat now I grit my teeth
So here's a song to the strong
'Bout a shake of a snake
And the smile went along wit dat
Can't truss it
Kickin' wicked rhymes
Like a fortune teller
'Cause the wickedness done by Jack
Where everybody at
Divided and sold
For liquor and the gold
Smacked in the back
For the other man to mack
Now the story that I'm kickin' is gory
Little Rock where they be
Dockin' this boat
No hope I'm shackled
Plus gang tackled
By the other hand swingin' the rope
Wearin' red, white and blue Jack and his crew
The guy's authorized beat down for the brown
Man to the man, each one so it teach one
Born to terrorize sisters and every brother
One love who said it

I know Whodini sang it
But the hater taught hate
That's why we gang bang it
Beware of the hand
When it's comin' from the left
I ain't trippin' just watch ya step
Can't truss it

An I judge everyone, one by the one
Look here come the judge
Watch it here he come now
I can only guess what's happ'nin'
Years ago he woulda been
The ships captain
Gettin' me bruised on a cruise
What I got to lose, lost all contact
Got me layin' on my back
Rollin' in my own leftover

When I roll over, I roll over in somebody else's
90 Fuckin' days on a slave ship
Count 'em fallin' off 2, 3, 4 hun'ed at a time
Blood in the wood and it's mine
I'm chokin' on spit feelin' pain
Like my brain bein' chained
Still gotta give it what I got

But it's hot in the day, cold in the night
But I thrive to survive, I pray to god to stay alive
Attitude boils up inside
And that ain't it (think I'll every quit)
Still I pray to get my hands 'round
The neck of the man wit' the whip
3 months pass, they brand a label on my ass
To signify
Owned

I'm on the microphone
Sayin' 1555
How I'm livin'
We been livin' here
Livin' ain't the word
I been givin'
Haven't got

Classify us in the have-nots
Fightin' haves
'Cause it's all about money
When it comes to Armageddon
Mean I'm getting mine
Here I am turn it over Sam
427 to the year
Do you understand
That's why it's hard

For the black to love the land
Once again
Bass in your face
Not an eight track

Gettin' it good to the wood
So the people
Give you some a dat
Reactin' to the fax
That I kick and it stick
And it stay around
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots
Ain't givin' it up
So turn me loose
But then again I got a story
That's harder than the hardcore
Cost of the holocaust
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on
I know
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum
From the base motherland
The place of the drum
Invaded by the wack diddie wack
Fooled the black, left us faded
King and chief probably had a big beef
Because of dat now I grit my teeth
So here's a song to the strong
'Bout a shake of a snake
And the smile went along wit dat
Can't truss it

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Lost At Birth"

Clear the way for the prophets of rage
Engagin' on the stage, on a track
Tell Jack stay in the back
I was born
Every level I'm on
You're warned
Just in case you forgot
I pump in kilowatts
To let 'em know which direction
To go what's up I wanna know
I test the front row
Forgiven the givin' while the livin' is livin' it up
So many people is sleepin' while standin' up
Not dressed to impress or fess it
That's it text to the brain like FedEx
Treated one and the same
'Cause the name of the game
Don't give 'em checks above necks
Some don't realize the same side
Siddity in the city
Suburbs or projects
But we're livin' in a different time
Some speed, some lead
While some jus' pump rhymes
Then again all in da same gang
Info to flow
And heal all below
Let's go and find
The piece of mind that's taken
Or else the black
or start breakin'
Public Enemy no!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Nighttrain"

Land of the free
But the skin I'm in identifies me
So the people around me
Energize me
Callin' all aboard this train ride
Talkin' 'bout raw hardcore
Leavin' frauds on the outside
But the bad thing is anyone can ride the train
And the reason
For that is 'cause we look the same
Lookin' all around at my so called friend
Light skin to the brown
The black
Here we go again
Homey over there knows Keith an
But he be thiefin'
I don't trust him
Rather bust 'em
Up out goes his hand and I cough
He once stole from me
Yeah I wanna cut it off
The black thing is a ride I call the nighttrain
It rides the good and the bad
We call the monkey trained
Trained to attack the black it's true
'Cause some of them look just like you
Stayin' on the scene
Sittin' on the train
See all the faces
Look about the same
There go the sellout who's takin' a ride like Cargo
'Cause he deal
The keys from Key Largo
Runnin' Nat narcotic
By George he got it
Takin' makin' the G erotic
And the fiends they scheme
So he can put 'em down
But his method is wreck 'em
Put 'em in tha ground
Got tha nerve as hell
To yell brother man
He ain't black man
Known to murder his own
Traitor on the phone
Ridin' the train
Self-hater trained

To sell pain
The master's toy
Little boy
Hard to avoid he look wit' it but he null 'n' void
'Cause he ridin' the train you think he down for the cause
'Cause his face looks just like yours
More of the same insane who sayin'
Like flowin' like nightrain
Runnin' the pain of the black reign
You look, you laugh
You doubt and go out
And I'm gone
But the bass goes on
To talk the talk, but walk the walk
The king of New York
Crack a lack attack the black
To crack the back
Once again I test a friend wit' sincerity
Or consider him an enemy
Who am I to tell a lie
Rather push da bush
Hope da cracker get crushed
I'm rollin' wit' rush
Leader of the bum rush
Russian I ain't
Spreadin' like paint
Lookin' at the put I got
And its kickin'
But it ain't chicken
But it's livin' for a city
So sick 'n' tired
Of a scene buckwild, piled in a file
Senile or chile
They said it never been no worser
Than this, I'm on the nightrain
They hope ya don't miss it
Give ya what dey gotta give you just go
You musn't just put your
Trust in every brother yo
Some don't give a damn
'Cause they the other man
Worse than a bomb
Posin' as Uncle Toms
Disgracin' the race
Blowin' up
The whole crew
Wit' some of them lookin'
Just like you

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Dont Wanna Be Called Yo Niga"

Yo! ho! yo nig! yo nig! no nig!
Check it out
How can you say to me yo my nig!
Cursin' up a storm with your finger on a trigger
Feelin' all the girls like a big gold digger
Take a small problem
Make a small problem bigger
Yo I ain't poor I got dough
Don't consider me your brother no more
Goddamn kilogram, how do you figure
I don't want to be called yo nig!
Yo nig!
Hey
Yo nig!
I try to make my statements
Stick like flypaper
Judge says to me yo nig sign these goddamn papers
My boss told me yo nig you're fired
Yo nig this, yo nig that
I know you're a nig now 'cause your head got fat
Flava framalama boy you won't figure
I don't wanna be called yo nig!
Yo nig!
Break it down
N.I.G.G.E.R.
Niga
Everybody sayin' it
Everybody playin' it rolling on the scales
'Cause everybody's weighin' it
Toby say yo I be good nig!
Let me get a shovel make a good digger
I don't care how small or bigger
I don't want to be called yo nig!
Yo nig...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How To Kill A Radio Consultant"

Pusher of the button
Talkin' loud ain't sayin' nuttin'
The mack of the format gettin' fat
Ain't funny 'cause my neighborhood
Is flowin' money
Thank God 4 the boulevard
They keep the motor runnin'
The rap shows coincide wit' the tape flow
Bootleggers go inside and record the record low
They get me, get this now can you freestyle
Freestyle no styles free except da radio
But the radio controlled by the sucker move
Who moved away got away after plannin' a getaway
An now he wanna play what he wanna play
An got say on what is bumpin' of course he's gettin' somethin'
Never know what's good to tha neighborhood
Swear I never seen da sucker
In my necka da woods
The ass is connected to the brain stem
So I sing a simple song
So you can see the sucker in 'em

People got to make a call
To hear the yes y'all (yes y'all)
While the phone keep ringin'
You hear some singer singin'

Why don't dey play the jammy in the daytime
People think it's slammin' plus the rhyme
Is hot an got me tunin'
The afternoon is FM in the PM
Oh if that they could see 'im
Out-of-towner not down I think they'll dis him
Up goes the season, pop goes the weasel
Damn gimme rap no band I want some x-clan
I know dey even got it from the giddy
Stacked in the back
Only black radio station in the city
Programmed by a sucker in a suit
Slick back hair he don't even live here
Raps the number one pick so I draft it
I don't care about all the other demographics
When the quiet storm come on I fall sleep
What dey need is Arbitron on the funky jeep
Too bad it's goin' on in fact my word is bond
To pull a disappearin' act attack until he gone
The whacker jam he play they pay I'm in da day

I don't think we gonna miss 'im we don't need 'im anyway

Can I kick it
Who the hell is on the radio
Or who's behind
Do you really think they'll mind
To play the funky jams
That everybody wit'
Some Def Jef or Ice T
Show they rollin' wit' the syndicate
Or can dey get funky
Wit' the underground
Master ace get a taste
Bomb squad gettin' hard
Marley marl makin' hipper
Trax for Jack The Ripper
Pumpin' Eric B or Papa San
Still rollin' wit' run
Did you think that ever
In fact you thought that never
Control of your soul
Is by a suit and tie
Then U wonder why why U never hear a rhyme
I say we do 'im
Till it's done

Public Enemy Lyrics

"By The Time I Get To Arizona"

I'm countin' down to the day deservin'
Fittin' for a king
I'm waitin' for the time when I can
Get to Arizona
'Cause my money's spent on
The goddamn rent
Neither party is mine not the
Jackass or the elephant
20.000 nig niggy nigas in the corner
Of the cell block but they come
From California
Population none in the desert and sun
Wit' a gun cracker
Runnin' things under his thumb
Starin' hard at the postcards
Isn't it odd and unique?
Seein' people smile wild in the heat
120 degree
'Cause I wanna be free
What's a smilin' fact
When the whole state's racist
Why want a holiday Fuck it 'cause I wanna
So what if I celebrate it standin' on a corner
I ain't drinkin' no 40
I B thinkin' time wit' a nine
Until we get some land
Call me the trigger man
Looki lookin' for the governor
Huh he ain't lovin' ya
But here to trouble ya
He's rubbin' ya wrong
Get the point come along

An he can get to the joint
I urinated on the state
While I was kickin' this song
Yeah, he appear to be fair
The cracker over there
He try to keep it yesteryear
The good ol' days
The same ol' ways
That kept us dyin'
Yes, you me myself and I'ndeed
What he need is a nosebleed
Read between the lines
Then you see the lie
Politically planned

But understand that's all she wrote
When we see the real side
That hide behind the vote
They can't understand why he the man
I'm singin' 'bout a king
They don't like it
When I decide to mike it
Wait I'm waitin' for the date
For the man who demands respect
'Cause he was great c'mon
I'm on the one mission
To get a politician
To honor or he's a gonner
By the time I get to Arizona

I got 25 days to do it
If a wall in the sky
Just watch me go thru it
'Cause I gotta do what I gotta do
PE number one
Gets the job done
When it's done and over
Was because I drove'er
Thru all the static
Not stick but automatic
That's the way it is
He gotta get his
Talin' MLK
Gonna find a way
Make the state pay
Lookin' for the day
Hard as it seems
This ain't no damn dream
Gotta know what I mean
It's team against team
Catch the light beam
So I pray
I pray everyday
I do and praise jah the maker
Lookin' for culture
I got but not here
From jah maker
Pushin' and shakin' the structure
Bringin' down the babylon
Hearin' the sucker
That make it hard for the brown
The hard Boulova
I need now
More than ever now
Who's sittin' on my freedah'
Oppressor people beater
Piece of the pick
We picked a piece

Of land that we deservin' now
Reparation a piece of the nation
And damn he got the nerve
Another nigga they say and classify
We want too much
My peep plus the whole nine is mine
Don't think I even double dutch
Here's a brother my attitude hit 'em
Hang 'em high
Blowin' up the 90s started tickin' 86
When the blind get a mind
Better start and earn while we sing it
Now
There will be the day we know those down and who will go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Move"

Signed, sealed, delivered I B yours
I pour it on the breaks
Till it break laws
Givin' the gabbin'
So the brothers be havin' it
Or else the five fingers of dope'll
Be grabbin' it
Wit' no complaints
Givin' uppin' I ain't
On the mike
Like Karl Malone in the paint
Why rip a rapper
When he flow like water
I rather rush a television reporter
The frauds that tried to front
Watch ya back
Stop pullin' those lil' stunts
Assault and battery
'Cause I snatched the battery
Off his back...the TV pack
Why pop the rhyme
On a rhymer when I kick it
Rather spend my time, spittin' on a bigot
Who pumped the pimp
That fed the fiends
He got jumped by the brothers in Ft. Green
They slapped the mack
That kept us back
Sucker suckin' the hood like drack
So if ya draggin' us down
Wit' the wack attitude
Get up, lookout, get out the way
Move

Signed
Sealed
Definition of a set-up
Pourin' it on and won't let up
'Cause f-a-l-i-n
Never applied
To this brother that tried
To let ya know
The folk of the American joke
That kept us broke
Now I'm ready to rap
Strong fax I swing
Like Bo Jax

I'm never calm on a bomb track
60 percent 3/fifths
Constituted
Huh prostituted
Why I'm mad
'Cause it's written on the paper
Right now
Muther Fuck bow
Kicked
The
Lyric
About
The tricks
Of the trade and the money made
Who got the money betcha bottom
Dollar bill
Gonna find
Some rich ol' bloodline
But the blood is in the mud
Take the whack an attack it
Like a Skud
To the patriotic hater
That got paid off my people
I'm rude
Lookout, get out the way
MOVE

Signed
An what I'm gettin' is mine
I bring the noise
To town
So let's get down
I cranked the beats
Tearin' up the street
And the park
An it ain't Mozart
Jack movin' out
'Cause the black movin' in
And its old
I said it in
Who Stole The Soul?
[Listen] but 92 bring
An attitude
That say I don't give a
Fuck
About the old way
This is a new day
Tell Jack stay in the back
And all the other
Suckers
That don't matter
You got
Somethin' to prove

Scatter
Get out the way
MOVE!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Shut Em Down"

I testified
My mama cried
Black people died
When the other man lied
See the TV, listen to me double trouble
I overhaul and I'm comin'
From the lower level
I'm takin' tabs
Sho nuff stuff to grab
Like shirts it hurts
Wit a neck to wreck
Took a poll 'cause our soul
Took a toll
From the education
Of a TV station
But look around
Hear go the sound of the wreckin' ball
Boom and Pound
When I
Shut 'em down
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
What I use in the battle for the mind
I hit it hard
Like it supposed
Pullin' no blows to the nose
Like uncle L said I'm rippin' up shows
Then what it is
Only 5 percent of the biz
I'm addin' woes
That's how da way it goes
Then U think I rank never drank, point blank
I own loans
Suckers got me runnin' from the bank
Civil liberty I can't see to pay a fee
I never saw a way to pay a sap
To read the law
Then become a victim of a lawyer
Don't know ya, never saw ya
Tape cued
Gettin' me sued
Playin' games wit' my head
What the judge said put me in the red
Got me thinkin' 'bout a trigger to the lead
No no
My education mind say
Suckers gonna pay
Anyway

There gonna be a day
'Cause the troop they roll in
 To posse up
 Whole from the ground
 Ready to go
 Throw another round
 Sick of the ride
 It's suicide
 For the other side of town
When I find a way to shut 'em down
 Who count the money
 In da neigborhood
 But we spendin' money
 To no end lookin' for a friend
 In a war to the core
 Rippin' up the poor in da stores
 Till they get a brother
 Kickin' down doors
 Then I figure I kick it bigger
 Look 'em dead in the eye
 And they wince
 Defense is pressurized
 They don't want it to be
 Another racial attack
 In disguise so give some money back
 I like Nike but wait a minite
The neighborhood supports so put some
 Money in it
 Corporations owe
 Dey gotta give up the dough
 To da town
 or else
 We gotta shut 'em down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"More News At 11"

Yo yo yo gee, guess what happened
To the burned up hand that was clappin'
 Too good to be true
Getting all the guys turn to get in doo-doo
 Took it all for granted
 Then life start turn to granted
Having everything to having nothing
Now this turkey ain't got no stuffing
 On the couch ill puffing
To get you buffin', it's you they got cuffin'
 Your family they did not believe me
Till they heard it for themselves on TV
I called the crib, the clock said seven
 More news at 11

[Chorus:]
More news at 11

I was watching the TV screen
 Can't believe what I seen
Three guys tried to rob a store
Got more than what they bargained for
 They shot them right before my eyes
 All three just dropped like flies
If they only thought before they did it
Neither one of those three would have been with it
As they fell to the floor and got rougher
 Now the family has got to suffer
 Pallbearers got to carry them
While the family cry loud just to bury them
Newscast and people were heavily amazed
 Flavor Flav just stared in a daze
Eyewitness News - channel seven
 More news at 11

This is Harry Allen hip hop activist and media
assassin with my co-anchor Flavor Flav for P.E.
TV and by the way if you still think that they're that
 don't believe the hype

Public Enemy Lyrics

"1 Million Bottlebags"

One million bottlebags count 'em
Think they can bounce the ounce
And it get 'em
Yo black spend 288 million
Sittin' there waitin' for the fizz
And don't know what the fuck it is
An oh lemme tell you 'bout shorty
He about seventeen lookin' like 40
Treats his 40 dog better than his g
When he gets a big b-o-t-t-l-e
Oh he loves tha liquor
But look watch shorty get sicker
Year after year
While he's thinkin' it's beer
But it's not but he got it in his gut
So what the fuck
Yo nigga what's up
Now he's hostile to a brother lookin' out
But I ain't mad I know what he about
He's just a slave to the bottle and the can
'Cause that's his man
The malt liquor man
One million bags count 'em all
Other man gets happy
Watch the killas drink 8 ball
Don't know a damn thing
But his breath stinkin'
Then I ask a question you brother
What the fuck is you drinkin'
He don't know but it flow
Out the bottle in a cup
He call it gettin' fucked up
Like we ain't fucked up already
See the man they call Crazy Eddie
Liquor man with the bottle in his hand
He give the liquor man ten to begin
Wit' no change and he run
To get his brains rearranged
Serve it to the home they're able
To do without a table
Beside what's inside ain't on the label
They drink it thinkin' it's good
But they don't sell the shit in the white neighborhood
Exposin' the plan they get mad at me I understand
They're slaves to the liquor man
Back to my homeboy shorty
He can drink it down

And think nuttin' about it
Pass it around and get tha 40 dog buzz
At the same time
Shorty can't remember what day it was
Say I'm yellin' is fact
Genocide kickin' in yo back
How many times have you seen
A black fight a black
After drinkin' down a bottle
Or a malt liquor six-pack
Malt liquor bull
What it is is bullshit Colt
45 another gun to the brain
Who's sellin' us pain
In the hood another up to no good
Plan that's designed by the other man
But who drink it like water
One and on till the stores reorder it
Brothers cry broke but they still affordin' it
Sippin' it lick drink it down oh nooo
Drinkin' poison but they don't know
It used to be wine
A dollar and a dime
Same man, drink in another time
They could be hard as hell and don't give a damn
But still be a sucker to the liquor man

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get The Fck Outta Dodge"
(feat. True Mathematics)

[CHUCK D:]
I was wheelin'
Wit' the boom in the back
The treble was level
I like it like that
I was rolly-roll-a-roll rollin'
5-o looked and said hold it
And I stopped still
I never got ill
'Cause my license was clean an I showed
A peace powwow
Instead of pow pow
I'm straight up and I'm straight
So how you like me now
But I know how you do
You're straight from Babylon
But I know how you do
You're straight from Babylon
They said turn it down
'Cause it's a new law
You never seen us before
But we're raw like a war
They warned me once
They warned me twice
So I knew I was warned
They had it goin' on
I got the fuck outta Dodge
Wit' my Bronco
60 miles per hour
50 miles to go
And I be pumpin' the sound
Drownin' out the cars
Which tape should I rock
L.L.'s or R.A.'s
I'm in the streets of New York
(Go away)
So I pop in my Kool G Rap 'n' Polo tape
And they was at it again
Sirens in the air
Ahhh shit
So I'm outta here
But the blue in the front
Called the blue in the back
They cut me off
Stopped me dead in my tracks
But this is minimal

I'm not a criminal
I always did what I did
Because I'm not a kid
But they looked me down
They stared me down
Told me what I did
I ain't wit' it
'Cause word around town was a stickup
 Yeah, yeah, yeah
 B-boy niga in a pickup
But I was jeepin' and creepin'
Just a keepin' it down, sound
 Here we go the run around
Blamin' me for the hardcore roar
But they the ones wit' the 44's
 So I'm coolin'
 I know the beat is rulin'
 Too loud for the crowd
 The bass is large yeah
So I'll get the fuck outta Dodge
That's right y'all, el commando
El commando you're in demand-o

[SGT HAWKES:]

Sgt. Hawkes and I'm down wit' the cop scene
I'm a rookie and I'm rollin' wit' a swat team
 Packin' a nine can't wait to use it
 Crooked cop yeah that's my music
Up against the wall don't gimme no lip son
A bank is robbed and you fit the description
And I ain't your mama and I ain't your pops
Keep your music down or you might get shot
 This is a warning so watch your tail
 Or I'm a have to put your ass in jail
 I'm the police and I'm in charge
You don't like it get the fuck outta Dodge

Public Enemy Lyrics

"A Letter To The New York Post"

Come and get your New York Post
New York Post right here
Come on y'all
Get the bost stubost stubost
Coasta coasta New York Post
Yo New York Post don't brag or boast
Dissin' flavor when he's butter that you put on your toast
Put my address in the paper cause I smacked that girl
She's the mother of my kid's that I took around the world
Disagreements having scuffles when you share upon
You shouldn't try to drain subjects in a duck pond
If you're gonna tell a story about people's worries
Watch what you tell 'em cause they don't bring you glory
It only brings agony, ask James Cagney
He beat up on a guy when he found he was a fagney
Cagney is a favorite he is my boy
He don't jive around he's a real McCoy
Chuck D yeah, you tellin' Flav we got to let 'em know
Here's a letter to the New York Post
The worst piece of paper on the east coast
Matter of fact the whole state's forty cents
in New York City fifty cents elsewhere
It makes no goddamn sense at all
America's oldest continuously published daily piece of bullshit
Flavor Flav is the one that makes The Post money
Writers making violence in headlines funny
Tryin' to undress my past until it's naked
Post got Flavor from sellin' no records
Europe Asia to the street of New York
Flavor Flav known for his finesse talk
Do it to ya for The Post to employ me
New York Post can't destroy me
Rapper of Public Enemy, rapstar beats lover
With the headline of a fucked up cover
Out the pot took plate New York Post
get your story straight motherfucker
It always seem they make our neighborhood look bad
Here's a letter to the New York Post
Ain't worth the paper it's printed on
Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton
That is 190 years continuous of fucked up news
Yo one can play the game, two can play the game
Yo Flav read on can't forget you either Jet
Flavor Flav is your best Jet yet
My own people own the most business
Write on faith of value'sness
Should have checked with me before you wrote it

Got it from another source and quote it
Put it out like the new year bull drop
In every beauty parlor and barber shop
Flavor Flav world renown
Can't keep a man like Flavor down
Yo Jet be a good host
Don't print bull like the New York Post
Augh, looks like somebody slipped up here
Anyway here's a letter to the New York Post
Black newspaper and magazines are supposed to get the real deal
from the source y'all
Sorry, Jet you took the info straight out of The Post
Burned us just like toast
When it comes to getting you facts straight about P.E.
Get your shit correct

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring Tha Noize"

Bass! How low can you go?
Death row what a brother knows
Once again, back is the incredible
The rhyme animal
The incredible D. Public Enemy number one
Five-O said "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can't I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun
Now they got me in a cell 'cause my records they sell
'Cause a brother like me said "Well
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to
What he can say to you, what you ought to do"
Follow for now, power to the people say,
"Make a miracle. D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, we're gonna win
Check it out, yeah y'all, here we go again

[Chorus:]

Turn it up! Bring tha noize!

Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad
At the fact that's corrupt as a senator
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope
Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music that the critics are blasting me for
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters now across the
country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now, they're gonna have to wait
Till we get it right
Radio Stations I question their blackness
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they play this

[Chorus]

Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me
My deejay is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, ya know
He can cut a record from side to side
So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicide
Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll
Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man
Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, ya know
You call 'em demos, but we ride limos, too
Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you
Beat is for Sonny Bono, beat is for Yoko Ono
Run DMC first said a deejay could be a band
Stand on its feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B, and L.L. as well, hell
Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells
 Ever forever, universal, it will sell
 Time for me to exit, Terminator X-it

[Chorus]

From coast to coast, so you stop being like a comatose
'Stand, my man? The beat's the same with a boast dose
 Rock with some pizzazz, it will last why you ask?
Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as
 We got to plead the fifth, we can investigate
 Don't need to wait, get the record straight
Hey, posse's in effect, got the Flavor Terminator
 X to sign checks, play to get paid
 We got to check it out down on the avenue
A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you
 Yeah, I'm telling you